

File 63
CAMERON

WRITINGS

"THE RIVER IS HOME"

[19--]

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The River Is Home

There is the feeling of coming home
On the top of this hill
Below winds the river
We have traveled for many miles
But only at this place is there home.

*There is nothing you can say that will make me believe you again
The sun shines through you like bare branches
The day stings with heat
But there is no comfort leaning against a bare tree*

What I miss, long for
Reflects in the shimmering light
Stars have gathered to greet me
Sometimes they send a hawk or an eagle
Flying slowly overhead until we have crossed.

*You are like dead grass on the hill
Shadows from clouds are your only companions
It used to be green
Birds used to sit there*

The river lets me go
But it whispers
Come back
Sit among the trees
Near my soft shores.

*Your smiles are falling leaves of lies
There is nothing you can say that will make me believe you again*

The river is home
Moving slowly under winter ice
Rushing as meadowlarks sing it to warmth.

*Your truth is buried there
Going nowhere
The same, winter after winter*

Mysteries and secrets hidden in pebbles and stones
Bring me to soothing, cool swirls
Sometimes a fish gently bites
The river is home
Under the shade of weeping willows
Holding me close.

When I walk near you, I hear the warning sounds of rattlesnakes

Barbara M. Cameron

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